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# 16 to 1

# Escaped Criminals

# to

# One Conviction

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BY

W. P. Brooks, M. D.

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As found in court records and the author's own observation.

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Cook, Nebraska,
1902

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## INTRODUCTION.

The author has no apology to offer any one for one word that may appear in this little work, though some may think that he might have left out certain things that come so near home. But not being made up of that kind of material that permits a thought to enter his mind to shield the guilty, he proposes to "hew to the line let the chips fall where they may." He is conscious of the fact that the Temperance question is a well worn subject, and that there has been enough written to convince the average mind of the evils of the drink habit, yet with all this, it still goes on in its high handed career of cruelty and crime. In putting out these few thoughts the author does not expect to add to or

improve on any phase of the subject that has hitherto been gone over. But he hopes to catch your eye long enough to present to you an idea that is not perhaps entirely new, though its significance has been kept in the back ground, not because there is no merit in it, but rather because so many of the great mass of reformers prefer to be "summer soldiers" or, "sunshine patriots," rather than to grapple with the monstrous serpent in an untried path. If he can add but one worker in the line on the new trail he will be satisfied.

WHISKEY
OCTOPUS

## CHAPTER I.

### Criminals Not Convicted—And Why

Col. Billings, a man of undoubted authority, says that sixteen or more out of every seventeen who are charged with crime, escape conviction either by dismissal in the courts or by not having any action brought against the party perpetrating the crime. This to many may seem to be an extravagant statement and yet when you call to mind the many instances where the law has been violated and no complaint was made, or a compromise effected before the case went to trial, or by an error in the indictment and the case is dismissed by the trick of the trade and the criminal acquitted, the truth of the statement to say the least is not far from being correct.

It is more especially true when you take an inventory of crimes that are traceable to the drink habit and the influence of the saloon. In the little town of L—— a man with a good moral character had been granted a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors and when the time came to open up the factory to make inebriates, every one was invited to "step into my parlor" and partake freely of the poison that lurks in the bottom of the flowing bowl, assured by the genial bartender that everything went without money and without price. Old and young mingled together in their bacchanalian revelry. Voices were pitched in high key, loud and wild angry words flew thick and guttural. Hark, glasses and bottles are dashed at each other's heads and strange sounds are heard that would seem to

indicate that all the imps of hell had been turned loose. A henious crime is committed; young D——— is charged with committing the crime. A warrant is sworn out and he is trotted off to the county jail to await the meeting of the district court. The criminal's father was a noted politician and had been a member of the state legislature. His friends were many and as the news of the deadly deed passed from mouth to mouth the whole community was paralyzed. And some of the sympathizing friends could be heard saying, "Is it true? Can it be possible that the son of Mr. D——— could do such a thing? Why, I never heard of his ever doing anything out of the way before. There must be some mistake surely."

On the third day of March in the county of C——— the court convened

and arranged for trial the cases on the docket. Charles D———'s case was set for the 11th of March 18—. The friends of Mr. D———, including the proprietors of the Snake Factory and all the hoodlums that infested the town, had been scheming for weeks to devise some plan to save the boy from a felon's cell. Those who had testified at the preliminary examination to seeing the fatal missile thrown by him were warned that it would not be healthy for them to be too positive in their statements before the jury. By bulldozing and bluff the witnesses were intimidated and when they came to give their testimony before the jury it was their thought, yet it was possible they might be mistaken. Two disreputables were at hand to swear that they were at the National and were right in front of the prisoner at the bar

and that it would have been impossible for him to have thrown anything without hitting them. The state's attorney was very easy in his cross examination and pleadings. The judge, in his instructions to the the jury, said that if there was a doubt in the minds of the jury, that the prisoner at the bar was entitled to the benefit of that doubt and their verdict should be so rendered. One of the bailiffs in attendance was ordered by the court to take charge of the twelve men sworn to come to no decision except that founded on the law and the evidence.

The testimony of the two bums was positive—these strangers in the town whom nobody knew—neither had any one living there ever seen or heard of before—and not one of the jury was apprised of this, because of the fact that

the prosecuting attorney, for some unknown cause, had failed to do his duty. The result was, the boy's acquittal on the testimony of two perjured villians. The friends of Mr. D——— confessed that, in their own opinion, the law and the gallows had been robbed of a victim, while the friends of him whose life had gone out so cruelly and suddenly, without warning, in the vigor of his manhood, harbored not one ill thought through all their grief and sorrow against the boy whose brain had been set on fire by the damnable stuff that issues from the worm of the still house. The instrument, while in the grip of the fire demon whiskey, committed a murder. His accomplices were those who voted the license, the man with the good moral (?) character, and those who

signed his petition, all escaped criminals —more than sixteen to one.

---

Eli T. came out of the snake factory in the village of P——— one evening and went reeling and staggering to his home. He found his wife sitting by the cradle rocking, and softly singing to a sick child. "Why in H—l have you not got supper ready," was the greeting that came to her ears as the drunken brute came in through the door. "Oh, Eli, baby is so sick; I have not done a thing to-day but care for him." "Get me some supper and that D—— quick. I'll take care of the brat," yelled the infuriated monster, his eyes fairly bursting from their sockets. The child screamed in fright, the mother dropped on her knees bending over the little sufferer, Eli in a fit of maddened delirium caught Susan by the hair, threw her to one side,

seized the sick infant by one foot and as the mother rose from the floor, where she had lain partly stunned by the fall, the most horrible sight that ever met bewildered eyes loomed up before her. Eli stood in the door swinging baby in the air, holding it by one foot and with the laugh of a maniac brought it down, dashing its brains out on the stone steps below. Susan screamed, and such a scream as mortal being never made before, then swooned and was found an hour later lying as she had fallen upon the floor. The shock to the nerve center of the system was so great, that had it not been that her unearthly scream was heard by the nearest neighbors nearly a mile away, who came to her aid, she too would have been another whose passing away could have been charged up to the concentration of the poison

that had issued from the worm of the still house, and, carried through the circulation of the blood to the ventricles of Eli's brain, it did its horrible and deadly work.

After Susan's restoration to consciousness and the child's lifeless body had been attended to, a search was made for Eli who was soon found out in the barn where with a rope he had hanged himself. And another life stands recorded in that great book of fate charged up to those who have made themselves a partner to the accursed license system. A murder, a suicide, a ruined home. These facts were all brought out at the coroner's inquest the next day. Another sixteen to one, and the criminals escaped. No convictions.

Again why? It is because it engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cher-

ishes riots. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, reverences fraud, violates obligations and honors the infamous. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring. Helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the parricidal axe. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, stains the judicial ermine. It demoralizes every body that touches it, from its source to its fearful and most terrible end.

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## A Scorching Address by Sam Jones —The Price of Hogs and The Price of Men.

Sam Jones recently lectured in Sigourney, Iowa, and justly "roasted" those

who signed saloon petitions. This report is from a Sigourney paper:

"This nice little Iowa town, with a farming region around it, makes one of the garden spots of the world. But with all your blessings you can't get along without three saloons to debauch your village and ruin your boys. 'Because you need the money.'

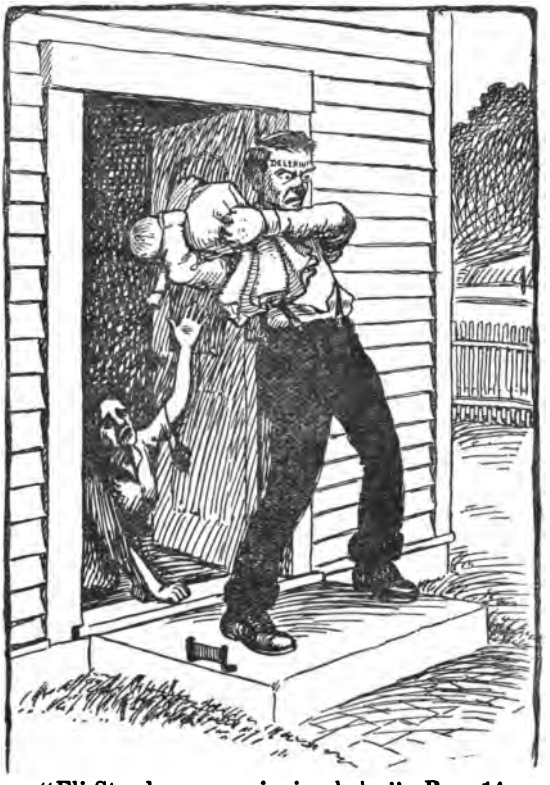
"Here Mr. Jones inquired of the surprised audience, 'How much is the license here?' Some one answered, $300 each to the town. '$900 altogether' resumed Jones. 'What is your population?' Answer, 2,000. The speaker then did a little lightning calculation, and resumed:

"The liquor dealer walked up to you and said, 'If you will let us damn this town we will give you 40 cents a apiece. Say, what would a 200 'pound hog bring?'

"Answer, $12. 'So,' said Jones, 'hogs $12 apiece and folks 40 cents a head. Say, brother, don't you wish you were a hog? You and your whole family would not bring enough in this town to buy a sucking pig. This is a little lower down than I ever found them. For the pitiful sum of 40 cents apiece, you turn over your boys to be debauched, the hearts of mothers to be crushed and the town ruined—all for 40 cents. That is cheap. But I expect that is all you are worth, eh?

"I want to drop this out. There is not a man of you that signed that petition to bring saloons to this town or county, but that deserves that every boy you have in your home shall fill a drunkard's grave and your daughter to live in the embraces of a drunken husband. What did you sign it for, you

lousy devils? If you did not want your boy to drink or your daughter to marry a drunkard, you damnable scoundrels, what did you do it for? Stand up on your hind feet and talk back. You surely did not sign hoping that your boy would not drink but that your neighbor's would. Why don't you say, 'To tell you the God Almighty truth, I did it for the 40 cents.' If the devil don't get you for it, it is just because he don't want you. And every man that will sign that petition—the devil will get the last man of you—but thank God he won't get much. If you fellows that signed that petition don't feel like a dog, you don't feel natural, that's all.



"Eli Stood . . swinging baby"—Page 14

## CHAPTER II.

### LICENSE—PERMISSION GIVEN; DOCUMENT GIVING LIBERTY TO DO CERTAIN THINGS.

How absurd the idea. Why, the very word implies something that is evil, wrong. What evil genius concocted the the license system?

Have not all men the right to do that which is right? Where, oh, where does any one, of himself, or collectively as a government, find authority to give to another liberty to do right? If all men have the right to do right then it must "needs follow as the night does the day" that if anyone has been given a license to do something that is right, and another is deprived of doing the right, because of the fact that one has a license to do

that right and the right cannot be done by the other because he has not been given a license, then a fearful wrong has been perpetrated against the liberty of the man by compelling him to purchase a license to do a thing that is right, which makes his liberty depend wholly upon a purchased franchise. And the very thought of such an idea ought to so enrage every one who has any love for liberty to rise up in his might and hurl from place and power every man who stands in the way of wiping out every vestige of the tyrannous license system from the pages of our statutes.

But another feature of the license system which has been given very little, if any, thought at all is that it forms class legislation that makes a unit in the manufacturing and sale of the product, that puts it into the hands of the few, so

that a price can be fixed that far exceeds the cost of the production as compared to the cost of every other product that goes on the market. To keep and to hold this advantage, this great license and whiskey combination can by giving twenty-four hours' notice raise a sum of money sufficient to corrupt the courts, buy legislatures and save themselves from being convicted of crime committed, and by no means are they the mildest looking men that ever "scuttled ship or cut a throat" though many of them who give support to the license system, in a general way in their dealings as business men, are looked upon as honest and trustworthy. But let a question arise that is likely to affect in any way the interest of the licensed saloon, and in a moment, if needs be, in order to save their beloved institution, all their

honesty and truthfulness becomes an unknown quantity. Low-down, dirty tricks that would put the blush of shame on the cheek of the most unscrupulous ward politician are resorted to. Fraud and falsehood become their sheet anchor; and if their schemes of rascality and unscrupulous ways of procedure are put in question, your life is not much more safe than he who waves a "red rag" in the face of an infuriated beast. So the finale of the situation and the circumstances is that sixteen more crimes have been committed and not more than one conviction and possibly not any. Strange indeed, that intelligent beings whose capabilities and possibilities seem to be almost ready to compass the fathomless depth of eternal space, seize the reins of government and wrench them from the hands of the infinite, cannot rise above

the low, selfish passions that sport with their reason, and make them at times only fit for the companionship of the most filthy beast.

"Flourished . . . those deeds"—Page 35.

## CHAPTER III.

### What They Will Do and How They Do It.

In putting this bit of history before the public gaze, the writer will not be disappointed should the air for a time turn blue in the vicinity where the scenes were enacted. But I want it distinctly understood that I am not especially in love with the reed that nods to every passing breeze, the milk-and-water man that has no mind of his own, or the "janus" faced cuss that plays the part of good Lord and good devil to everybody he meets. The old Quaker woman said, "Mary, 'tis not because thee did wrong that I punish thee, but because thou wast caught in the act." The old man said, "Bonaparte, 'tis not because

I hate thee that I whip thee, but because I want to make a better boy of thee."

Whether the theory of the old woman or that of the old man is the best way, or whether that of the old woman, or of the man, will ever correct the evils that corrupt society, is no concern of mine. Men should do right because it is right. And all men know that it is wrong to do wrong. So if a wrong is done by any one, the crime is not in the telling of it to the world but in the doing of the wrong, though I am well aware of the fact that he who has the courage to grapple with the hydra-headed monster and expose the wrong will be hounded, maligned and slandered by every hoodlum that infests the land. Nor is this all: these honest greeds will stand in the background and sick the blear-eyed rabble on, with every appearance of getting

more real enjoyment in associating with the low and vulgar than they would mingling with the refined and pure. It is not really a case of "poor old dog Tray" for they are in their own element by choice ; while the old dog ran in with the bad ones more by accident.

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Sometime in the nineties a company was organized and registered as the law in such cases provided, in the village of Cook, County of Johnson and state of Nebraska. The name of this company was published and known as the Cook Creamery Co. Nothing of importance that will add anything of material interest as to its workings in the first year or two of its existence is worthy of mentioning. But as time passed on we find that a general dissatisfaction began to creep out, though the real significance of the

matter was shrouded in darkness for a long time, and perhaps would not have been exposed even up to the present time had it not been for the tracks of the cloven-footed beast that figures so conspicuously, and yet so stealthily, in the interest of his friend the American saloon.

A notice being published in the local paper of the town of an application for a license, etc., caused an investigation of the said applicant's petition, wherein was found certain names that in the minds of the investigators were not legal petitioners; so, of course, a remonstrance was filed setting forth the fact that such was the case, and that no license be issued on said petition. The night was set for the hearing of the evidence. And then and there developed the fact that two deeds had been executed by the pres-

ident and secretary of the Cook Creamery Co. nearly three years before and a member of the town board flourished in the faces of the remonstrators those deeds declaring that the names on these deeds, and also those names found on the petitions that had been remonstrated against, were bona fide free holders; and, without giving the remonstraters time to get the necessary evidence and prepare for a trial, bulldozed every thing through, granted the license, and opened up the saloon on a fraudulent petition. A mandamus issued from the district court gave the bulldozers a knock out and the remonstrators a victory. The court ordered the saloon to be closed and the remonstrators to have a fair show in trial, a day to be set for a hearing, and that day to be set far enough off to give the re-

monstrators ample time to get all their evidence, etc.

Well, what next? Why, it was simply a repetition of the bulldozing that was exhibited in the first instance. The snake factory was set to work again. The lookers-on wondered what would be the next move on the checker board. There was no court to issue another mandamus, or to enter complaint and bring action against the board for contempt in violating the order. So it was thought best to find out all the facts if possible in regard to the matter of the deeding away the lots of the Creamery company and try to get a hearing in the district court in October. After consulting several stockholders of the company, it seemed that the first thing on the program would be to get possession of the books of the company. No one seemed

to know who was secretary or anything about them. There had been no meeting of the stockholders for two or three years (the reason will appear later on), so the parties interested began to clamor for the president to issue a call for a meeting of the stockholders. The president seemed to be in no hurry. What was the matter? Was there crookedness? Many of the stockholders were heard to say that they had been trying to get a meeting called for a year or more. Their regular annual meeting would come in the month of October. The secretary of the company had labored hard for the saloon. Did he want the legality of the making of those deeds to come up in the October term of district court?

In October the stockholders got together and elected new officers. And on getting possession of the books of the

company, and an investigation being made, the new president called the board of directors together and by a unanimous vote he was instructed to begin an action in the district court, as soon as possible, to have the deeds set aside that had been executed by the former president and secretary some three or more years before ; and of which scarcely a stockholder in the company, except those who committed the fraudulent act, knew anything until the bombastic member of the village board told us they were genuine. But the funny part appears in the records of the company's books, of which I have a copy before me. The journal and ledger show a credit, July, 1898, of $32, in regular order made with pen and ink, after which, nobody knows when, with a lead pencil, this has been added on: "for lots etc." I now turn to the record

book and a meeting is there noted as being held on February 1, 1899. And all that is done at this meeting was a motion to instruct the president and the secretary to close a deal on an offer that had been made to pay $32 for lots A and 1. When the offer had been made or by whom no one knows so far as any of the records in the books show. Not a scratch of the pen to indicate that the deal was ever consummated; the entry in the journal and ledger with the pencil mark attachment would be no evidence because it was put in so long before the offer had been made to buy lots A and 1.

Here were two deeds that had been in existence for nearly three years. Had never been put on record. Never brought out from their secret hiding place only as a bluff to impose upon the better element of society. Eight men made

free holders, four names in each deed, and not one of them knew which deed his name was on, and had never paid one farthing for their supposed title to lots A and 1.

Here, surely, is one case at least where "truth is stranger than fiction." If these eight men really believed that their title to lots A and 1 were good and "clear as mansions in the sky" why had they not recorded them? The fact is this, they did not one of them believe that they possessed a genuine title. But they were serving their purpose in the interest of trickery, fraud and corruption, and the night of the 17th of June, 1901, they were put into the hands of the county clerk to be recorded. And not one of the eight (except, perhaps, C. E. Reuter, one of the village board, also bartender, knew it). The county clerk

instructed his deputy early next morning "to record them at once and charge up the fee to the "bluffer of the village board," intimating at the time that the saloon would run out the year because it would take the remonstrators some time to get the records out of their way.

The evidence, however, was being accumulated. The sheriff had served the summons on F. W. Beck, George Adams, L. B. Allen, John Albers, C. E. Skillman, Archie Black (deceased) his widow M. Black, C. E. Reuter and J. M. O'Donnell, to appear and make answer to petition filed by the Cook Creamery Co. (plaintiff) and give answer to said petition as to why said deeds named therein should not be set aside and the title to the same revert back and be made clear to said plaintiff. This summons set some of the gang of the saloon supporters to jumping

side ways. They were ready to tell everything if it would keep them out of the Court. The old president and secretary of the creamery company raved, chaffed and cursed the new members of the board for bringing the action, declaring that when they put their names to a deed no d—— court could set it aside while they had money to fight it, and they both having a goodly supply of financial backing, began to run their bluff. They would force withdrawal of the action if they had to buy up stock enough to control the whole business. The court was to convene on April 4, 1902; what were they to do? The president of the company refused to accede to any of their demands. He was not made of the kind of material that every breeze that passes by would change his course. (Would that there were more

such men in the world, ready to fight the battles for the right and never shirk a duty because of fear.)

About this time an attorney came to Cook; nobody seemed to know what his business was; all semblance of business was in his close converse with the old president and secretary (by the way, this attorney was in the employ of the remonstrators but a few months before.) After a number of conferences with Mrs. Black by president Cook and secretary Kuse, a demurrer was filed setting forth that the court set aside the petition of the Cook Creamery Co. on the ground that the said petition was not sufficiently explicit. Mrs. Black demurred by her attorney, the same fellow that had been counsel for the remonstrators. No doubt he thought the other fellows had more money. The demurrer was overruled by

the court and the defense took three days in which to answer. By the court adjourning and other delays the case was not reached until June 6th. And as it was impossible to get all the witnesses that evening the court set the trial for 9 o'clock the following morning. Then the fellows that had their foot in it, began to dance a can-can and beg for a compromise. Mystic friendship intervened, and a settlement was effected. But the Cook Creamery Co. had the title to their lots made clear and it never cost them a "red." All the bluff and bluster, that was made to frighten off the old man Emerson, was of no avail. May time deal gently with him is the desire of his scores of friends. But those things that were so much feared, and were hoped to have been put behind the screen when the compromise was consummated, the

people ought to know, as they have a right to know. And as members of the Creamery Co. have expressed themselves, that they were very sorry that the trial did not go on, and as the history of the case is not complete without submitting some of the evidence that would have appeared in the court, we will now introduce it.

The testimony of Mr. Emerson, the president of the Cook Creamery Co., shows that he had been one of the board of directors from the first and is now president, that the former president and secretary had no authority whatever to sell any lot or lots of said company. That there was no necessity for the selling of any lot or lots. He as one of the directors had never been notified of any meeting of the board of directors either verbal or otherwise, though he had been

in town once or twice every day, and had seen the secretary almost every time. That there had been no thought or even a hint by any of the board, or by any one of the stockholders, to sell any one of the lots owned by said company and that said sale was purposely kept from him by the said president and secretary, and that these deeds were executed by them for illegal and corrupt uses, and that he had no knowledge of the sale for a long time thereafter.

"I hereby state that in the matter wherein a case is now pending in the District Court of Johnson County and State of Nebraska, the Cook Creamery Co. plaintiff and Skillman, Adams, Beck, Albers, Reuter, Allen and O'Donnell are named as defendants, I herein declare that I never paid any money for either lot A or 1 in said case. If any money

was paid, Bill Schapers paid the money to make petitioners for a saloon license. Do not know in which deed my name is placed. Never had seen deeds, and do not now nor never did claim any legal right to title by virtue of said deed, therefore, I demand the withdrawal of any defense or demurrer entered in my name against the petition of said Cook Creamery Co. wherein they asked to have said deed set aside, and that said lots be restored to the rightful owners.

(Signed) J. M. O'Donnell."

"Sworn to before me, a Notary Public in and for said County of Douglas, Nebraska. L. L. JOHNSON, Notary.

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"In a case pending in the District Court in Johnson Co., State of Nebraska, wherein Cook Creamery Co. are plaintiffs, and F. W. Beck, George Adams,

Archie Black (deceased) by his wife Mattie Black, L. B. Allen, John Albers, C. E. Skillman, C. E. Reuter and J. M. O'Donnell are defendants, that to the petition of said Creamery Co. asking to have deeds to lots A and 1 set aside. That said Mattie Black by her attorney, Hugh LaMaster, entered a demurrer against said petition; my name appearing in said demurrer, I demand that said demurrer be withdrawn for the following reasons:

1st. My understanding was that said deeds were not for the purpose of conveying absolute title, and were not to be put on record.

2nd. That I did not pay one cent for said deed to said property.

3rd. Never saw said deed nor do not know which deed my name is on.

4th. That W. A. Schapers furnished

the money that was paid and that said deeds were only to be used to make signers as petitioners for saloon license and was not to be considered as a legitimate transfer of title.

(Signed) L. B. ALLEN.

State of Nebraska,
Johnson County.

COOK, Nebraska, March 1, 1902.

On this first day of March, A. D., 1902, before me a notary public, within and for said county, personally appeared L. B. Allen, to me known to be the identical person whose name is signed to the foregoing statement. and acknowledges the same to be his voluntary act.

J. E. PROFFITT, Notary Public.

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The summons for ten other witnesses in the hands of the sheriff brought the defense to the anxious seat where they begged for a stay of proceedings, and

the sheriff to wait and see if a compromise could not be effected, and thus save making further costs. The 'phone was called into action. The wires were made hot. The first proposal made by the defense was that the creamery company pay back the money that had (as they claimed), been paid for the lots and all the costs, and that they then would allow the court to set the deeds aside. The creamery company said, "No, sir; we do not know that we ever received any money for our lots. The majority of those named in the deeds say that they did not pay any money for them, and the evidence shows that "Bill Schapers" was buying petitioners and not lots. You can pay any money you choose back, and also, you must pay all the costs in the case, for the Cook Creamery Company will not pay one cent. Do this or come into court."

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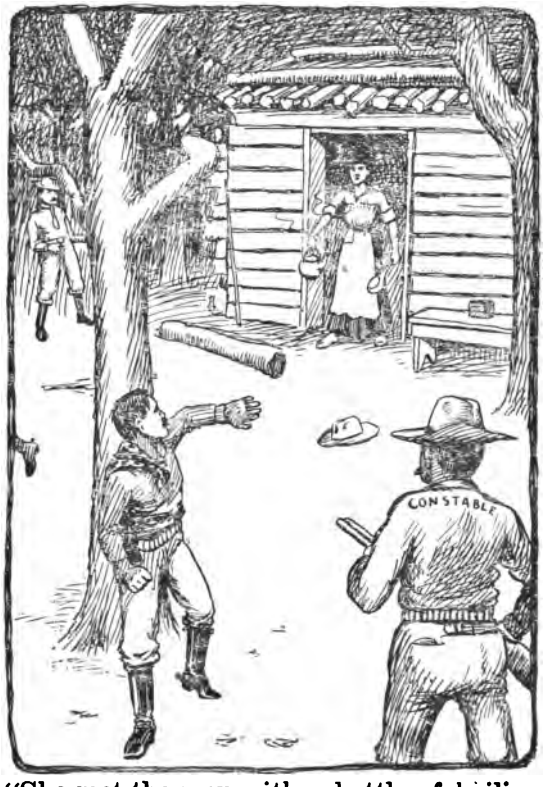
Well, they did it, I guess, for the sheriff put up his team. But the funniest part of this whole transaction was that the real defendants, Black, Reuter and "Skill" were not invited to participate at this conference. The people generally have shown a great deal of interest in this case, and to what the outcome might be. So far as the title of the lots being made clear by the order of the court, that much at least is forever settled. But there are a good many of the stockholders of the company who are quite determined in their opinion that they ought to bring an action against the parties for the fraudulent deeds put on the records. There is no question but what they are liable to a prosecution. And should their future conduct become too obnoxious, it may be a possible surprise to them should the sheriff

make them a visit and quietly inform them to take a ride.

Another chapter closes without a conviction; though, perchance, if there had been, the record would not have been brought below the mark of sixteen to one.




"She met the men with a kettle of boiling water."—Page 66.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A Story Told by an Old Criminal Lawyer.

The judge had just delivered his charge in a case of considerable importance in which I had been engaged. The jury retired, and wearied with a long, tedious trial, I took up a morning paper, and seating myself in a retired portion of the bar, sat reading, resting and "waiting for a verdict." The court had directed the district attorney to take up the "jail cases," remarking that he understood there were a number of prisoners in jail awaiting their trial, and that these cases should be disposed of first. The sheriff had gone to bring in a prisoner, and glad of a few hours' respite, I sat almost unconscious of what

was transpiring in the court room, and deeply interested in an account of Nasby's troubles in his efforts to get the democracy of the "Corners" to ratify the nomination of that great, original democrat, Horace Greeley, for the presidency.

I was interrupted in the most convincing part of the great statesman's speech at Bascom's grocery, by the judge calling my name. I looked up and saw the attorneys in the bar smiling "broadly" at something that had been said or done. In the criminal box I saw a young girl, not yet—as I afterward learned—fifteen years of age. She had just been brought into court from the jail on a charge of larceny. She was very dirty, and yet very pretty, and stood looking at me, at the judge, and at the crowd in the room with a startled expression like that of

some untamed wild animal that had just been caged, and had not yet decided whether its captors were friends or enemies.

"Mr. R.," said the judge, "here is an appeal to your gallantry. This little girl is indicted for the larceny of a small amount of money. I asked her if she had an attorney; she says she has not, has no money to pay one, but informs the court she would like to have Mr. Al—— R—— defend her. Will you do so?"

"Certainly, your honor," I answered, "if the court will permit me to have a few moments conversation with my client."

"Yes," said the judge, who was always fond of a joke, and particularly at the expense of the members of the bar, "yes, there can be no harm in that, pro-

vided it is done under the eye of the court. You can take your client to the back part of the court room, where I see some empty seats, and confer with her, while the sheriff acknowledges his deeds."

The attorneys and the bystanders laughed at the sly innuendo in the judge's remarks and one would have supposed that a farce or broad comedy was about to be enacted instead of the trial of a young girl for the commission of a serious crime, that would, if she were found guilty, stamp upon her fair, though (alas for the romance!) somewhat dirty, young forehead the brand of felony, and send her to prison.

She, in a simple, yet intelligent manner told me her story. Her father had once been a respectable farmer in the country; was well-to-do, and the owner

of a comfortable farm. He had been addicted to drinking for a number of years; the habit increased, he always kept liquor in his house, and at last his wife, the young girl's mother, acquired the appetite and they both became inebriates. The farm and property went, poverty and beggary followed. The habits of the father and mother brought low and vile associates and companions to their miserable hovel. The little girl from her infancy had been surrounded by drunkenness, debauchery and vice. She did not know what sin was, because she had never been taught what its opposites, virtue and morality, meant. To her, home was a pandemonium where she saw nothing but the vilest licentiousness and heard nothing but ribaldry and profanity. The missionaries on their journey to christianize the western

savages had passed unheedingly by her father's hovel and the near-by whiskey shops. She said a good lady had once given her a bible, but she could not read it and her father had traded it off for whiskey.

At the early age of fourteen years she became a mother, while she seemed but a child herself. She had no clothing for her little babe and only a piece of an old blanket to wind about the little waif, which though thus scantily protected from the cold was enveloped and wrapped in a mother's love, as pure and self-sacrificing as any that ever illumined and made happy the palatial home of affluence. Yes, the little stranger, though marked in its birth by a philanthropic and christian world as a child of sin and infamy, all unconscious of its vileness and its sinful origin, smiled in

the wretched mother's arms, and was to her yearning heart a sunbeam from heaven that illumined the dreary, cloudy landscape of her young life with the radiant beams of a mother's love. She now had something to love and live for. What was the world's opinion to her? She did not even know what it meant. The world's scorn had no terrors for her, for she had been a drunkard's child from her birth, and had never known anything else—but God had kindled beneath her bosom the promethean spark of a human soul, a spark never to be extinguished; and now she clasped the despised little casket that held an immortal spirit to her bosom, and for the first time in her wretched life felt the pleasure of having something to care for, and the holy bliss of maternal love.

On a cold and stormy night in the month of March, a few weeks after the

birth of her child, her drunken father and mother had turned her out of doors. She wandered along in the snow and sleet until she came to the licensed hotel where her father had been made a drunkard and where she had obtained for her mother the liquor purchased with the wages of sin. Here she stopped and asked the man of "good moral character" to keep her and her child over night. He would have refused but feared they might perish with the cold, and then what would people say of him? Not from charity or any feeling thereof, but because he dared not do otherwise, he permitted the poor, half-frozen girl to warm herself and her child for a few moments at the kitchen fire. While she was doing so a neighbor came and paid him a two-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent county order on some former indebted-

ness—probably for whiskey. The little girl saw him fold up the order and put it in his vest pocket, and hang the garment on a nail. She was given a blanket for a bed with the permission to lie down on the floor until morning, and told that she must then leave and never come back there again. That night she took the money from the vest pocket, and early the next morning started on her weary road to the village of G——, a distance of fifteen miles. On reaching the town she went into a store and with the order purchased some clothing for her child. From there she walked, almost bare-footed, a distance of ten miles, to the house of an old woman who had been no saint in her day, and therefore had no virtuous, conscientious scruples against receiving into her house an outcast girl and her child.

It was lucky for the poor thing that it was so, or the door might have been closed against her, and herself and child left to die on the road. The next day the owner of the "moral character" spoken of discovered his loss and straightway a complaint was made before a justice. The insulted "peace and dignity" of the great commonwealth were aroused, and at the public expense an officer clothed all over with the majesty and power of the law was sent on the track of the little girl. She was traced to the village of G——, to the store where the county order was found and identified, and then the legal sleuth-hound tracked her with commendable zeal through the snow of the fields and woods to the house of the old sinner who had dared to play the part of the good Samaritan, and become an "accessory after the fact" by aiding and harboring a felon.

The criminal herself was quietly sitting by the fire, making some baby clothes, while the old woman had the child on her lap and was filling its little ears with the only words of love it had ever heard except from the lips of its sinful mother. The officer of the law entered the house or cabin with the imposing mien of a man "clothed with a little brief authority" and with the sternness of manner usual to men in high official position informed the frightened girl that she was his prisoner. The wicked old Samaritan expressed some doubt of the facts thus stated by the constable, and placing the baby in the lap of its weeping mother she picked up the poker and proceeded to argue the question with the legal official in a manner so convincing that he retired from the controversy and seemed himself to

doubt the power of the law in such cases made and provided.

He retired in good order—while the very woods resounded with the emphatic remarks made by the old woman to encourage him in his retreat. He soon returned with a posse of good citizens, all determined to arrest the criminal or perish in the attempt. Again Old Samaritan was equal to the emergency. She met the men at the door with a kettle of boiling water in one hand and a gourd in the other, and informed them in a style of language highly ornamented, there were not men enough in Greenwood township to take the girl until she was ready to let her go, and that go she should not, until she had time to make her baby some clothes, for it had never been dressed since it was born. She also, in a few brief but appropriate

remarks, advised the men to return to the bosom of their families, or something might happen that would render it difficult for their friends and relatives to recognize them on their return. She said that as soon as the clothes were made she would bring the girl down to the justice who issued the warrant and she invited all her acquaintances to call on her there, but to please excuse her for the present as some soap she was boiling over the fire needed looking to. She retired and closed the door in the face of law and justice, who also retired, for the old woman was well known,

"And they had trust in her cussedness
And they know'd she'd keep her word."

Two or three days after she appeared as per agreement, before the Justice, accompanied by the mother and child. The owner of the "character required

by law for a whiskey-seller" appeared and testified. The county order was identified, the testimony conclusive, and for want of bail the mother was sent to jail, where she was imprisoned, awaiting her trial.

Thus the matter stood on the morning of the day when I was asked to defend her. I knew it was a hopeless case, that there was no chance for an acquittal and so informed the poor girl. "Will they take my baby from me?" she inquired, "if they find me guilty?" I told her I feared they would, but that it would be well cared for, and when she got out of prison it would be given to her again.

"They shall not take my child from me," she exclaimed, passionately. "I will die first. It is all I have in the world. I don't care what they do with

me if they do not take my baby away. I never would have taken the money for myself but my baby had no clothes. I was afraid it would take cold and die. Oh, if father and mother had not been drunkards I would never have been as I am. Mr. S———, that keeps the tavern where father and mother got their liquor, has got all of father's property and my bible the lady gave me, and I only took two dollars and seventy-five cents of his money, and last fall I husked corn for him and he said he would pay me, but he paid father and mother in whiskey and wouldn't give me anything. And then I got sick and couldn't work and nobody would help me, and I had to steal or maybe my baby would have died."

I told the poor child I would do all I could for her, and we took our seats

within the bar, amid the smiles of the attorneys and audience, but I never felt less like smiling than I did then.

The jury was empaneled, and the cause proceeded. The prosecutor testified in a peculiar, drawling tone that excited the mirth of the by-standers, everybody laughed, particulary when he said on cross examination that he prosecuted the young girl from a "sense of christian duty," because she was so wicked as to steal. The whole trial seemed to excite no other feeling than that of merriment, and when the witnesses narrated the scene when the constable went to arrest the prisoner, even the Court smiled a grave, judicial smile.

We called the old woman in defense. After she had related the circumstances in her own peculiar style the Judge told her that she had done very wrong in

obstructing the execution of a legal process. She replied, "Judge, I didn't 'struct no execution; I just told them galutes they shouldn't take the gal 'till she had made her baby some clothes; and they shouldn't Judge, now that's so, true as you're born. I didn't intend to hurt 'em. You see, I know'd the fellers well, and I know'd one old woman with a gourd full of hot water could have licked the whole biling of 'em, and I thought it a shame for a whole lot of men to turn out to take one poor little gal. But they couldn't have took her while I was there, Judge—but I didn't 'struct no execution. If they had said they had one I'd paid it off and give old S—— back his two dollars and seventy-five cents, though he is rich and I am a poor old woman. What was the great hurry anyhow? I know'd the law could

wait for the gal better'n the baby could for its clothes. You ought to have seen it, Judge. It hadn't anything on but an old rag wrapped around it, and it was a'most perished with the cold. And I knew it wouldn't hurt the old Skinflint there to have given the girl the money. He has got all her father's property, Judge, and it all went for whiskey. The gal's father was a nice, hard working man until old S—— got a license to sell whiskey. And he ruined him and lots of others I know of too. There was Mat B—— got drunk at his house the night he went fishing and was drowned. Old Sam D—— got drunk at his bar and went and hung himself. I tell ye Judge if he does pray in meeting he is an old hypocrite, and aint got no more religion than I have, and I s'pose I haint got a stock more'n enough to put me through

the winter. But I don't sell whiskey and ruin folks at any rate."

The old woman looked complacently around the room as she finished her remarks, gave Mary an encouraging smile and left the witness stand with the consciousness, on her part of a duty well done, and the approving smiles of the members of the bar and the audience.

The case went to the jury, and I could not help indulging in the follow reflections:

Were we in the halls of justice? Was the divine goddess really blind? Was she so thoroughly blindfolded by the symbolical bandage over her eyes that she in reality could see no difference in the social position of those who knelt at her shrine and asked protection in her tribunals? Here was a young girl on her trial for the commission of a crime

for which, if found guilty, she would be sent to prison to consort with thieves and offenders of the worst character, and for months would be surrounded by the most depraved influences, and the vilest companions. And although she was soiled in person yet she was too young and inexperienced to have been indelibly stained in mind and soul. The whole trial had been conducted with a spirit of levity that ill became the temple of justice. I thought how different it would have been had the defendant been the daughter of one of our wealthy respectable citizens. How frequently the question would have been asked and answered in the same breath: What, Miss Pecksniff, the daughter of our wealthy townsman, the Hon. Mr. Pecksniff, accused and indicted for stealing? It cannot be so. What an interest society

would have taken in the trial. There would have been no unseemly joking or mirth in the court room; all would have been as solemn as the chamber of death. The defendant would have been accompanied by a score of female friends. The morning papers would have informed the deeply interested people that the defendant, a beautiful and interesting young lady, was dressed in black silk trimmed with heavy thread lace, and that her hair was arranged a la pompadour. The sorrow of the Hon. Peckniff and his lady would have been spoken of in the most feeling terms, and Justice herself from her elevated pedestal over the jury box, as she squinted down along her nose from under the bandage over her eyes, would in haste have concealed her naked sword beneath the folds of her ample robe. The jury

would have said, "It cannot be, a young lady so respectably connected and so well dressed, would not steal," forgetting the principal reason, that she had never been tempted, and a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box would have been received by the court and the public with general approbation.

But the defendant in this case was a beggar; the child of a drunken father and mother, a victim of the intemperance of those she could not control. She was one of that great class of offenders manufactured out of the children of the poor every year by the license laws of a christian country. True, she was prompted to commit the crime by the purest and holiest feeling that animates the human breast, a mother's love. She took a few shillings from the man who had, through the agency of whiskey and

license, robbed her father of all his property. She believed it was her just due for the labor her little hands had done for him in his field of corn. She did not steal, she did not take the money "animo furandi," it was not done with "evil mind, or with the mind of a thief," but was done in answer to the plaintive appeal of her little child, and before the throne of God's justice she was no thief, though human tribunals might condemn her. And stained though her young life might have been by unconscious sin, a vagrant, a drunkard's child, and an unmarried mother, yet she was as pure as the unsoiled snow when compared with the "man of good moral character," who prosecuted her from a sense of "christian duty, because she was wicked," and who, in the exercise of the privilege the law gave him had

beggared her father and thrown around her young life the net of circumstances that made her what she was.

I said all this to the jury, and much more, yet under the charge of the court, they returned with the verdict of guilty with strong recommendations of mercy.

When I was talking to the jury I thought the judge was somewhat affected by the friendless condition of the poor little waif in the prisoner's box, and as soon as the verdict was rendered, he spoke kindly to her, told her to stand up, and said "Mary, the jury has found you guilty, and recommend you to our mercy. We are very glad they have done so. We will suspend the sentence until some future term of court. We do not believe that you are a thief, but, poor child, we believe that you are more sinned against than sinning; that others will have here-

after to answer for your acts and your transgressions before a higher Court than ours. You may go, Mary; be a good girl in the future. You did very wrong in taking the money of Mr. S——; never do a like act again, and when the Court wants you for sentence we will send for you. You may go."

The little girl looked at the kind eyed old Judge, and said; "Oh, please sir, may I have my little baby?" "Yes" said the Judge with a moist eye, "yes, Mary, take your little baby and be good to it, and no one shall take it from you." The little girl stepped out of the prisoner's box and started to go out with the sheriff, when she suddenly stopped, turned towards the court and "Please sir, won't you tell Mr. S——— not to sell any more whiskey to my father and mother?" "Yes, I will," said the Judge

sternly. "Clerk enter a rule on Mr. S——— to show cause why the license granted him should not be revoked and make the rule returnable forthwith. The evidence in this case has shown him to be unworthy and not a proper man to be trusted with a privilege so dangerous to the welfare of the public, as a license to sell liquor."

The rule was, on hearing, made absolute, and thereby a nuisance was abated that had ruined a number of men and cost the county a large amount of money to punish the crimes and misdemeanors begotten by its influence.

"Whose baby uses . . . poisoned milk"—page 85.

## CHAPTER V.

### SELFISHNESS—GREED.

The chapter, an editorial from "The American Issue" is in evidence that the morale and honesty of a competitive system depends more on the amount of revenue derived than from any good to be gained in bringing health and happiness to mankind.

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### COLUMBUS, O., BABIES POISONED BY FORMALIN-TREATED MILK.

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IN THE INTEREST OF "BUSINESS."

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HOW DOES THIS DIFFER FROM POISONING WITH ALCOHOL IN THE SAME INTEREST?

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Columbus is just now excited and angry over the sale of poisoned milk.

Dairymen object to having their milk lost by souring, and so use formalin and other chemicals to preserve it. This poisons it.

The wife of one of the professors in the State University has been seriously ill by using this formalin-treated milk; several children have been at the point of death from the same cause; every mother in the city whose baby uses cow's milk is anxious and disturbed about poisoned milk. One dairyman is under arrest for the crime, and if found guilty, there are some who feel that hanging would be almost too good for him. It is regarded as a serious crime to poison babies.

Will anybody, now, be so good as to point out the difference in principle between a man who poisons the babies in

a town in order to make money and that other man who poisons the physical and moral life of the community by filling its veins with the virus of the saloon to make money? Will anybody show us the difference between the milk dealer who poisons his milk in order that he may sell it, and the voter who poisons the bodies and souls of the community in the "interest of business" by voting for the saloon? What, after all, is the moral difference between poisoning a few children for the advantage of the milk trade, and poisoning the bodies and souls of the same children, a few years afterward with intoxicating drink, for the alleged advantage of a set of merchants?

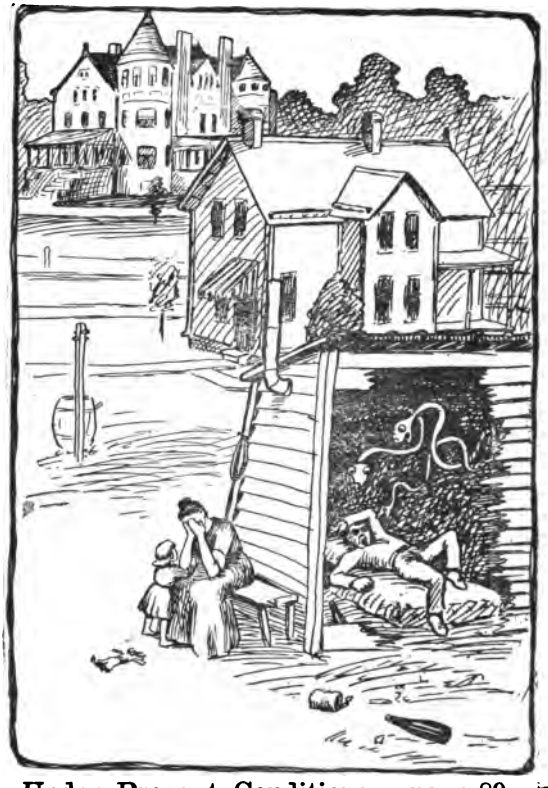
Intoxicating drink—the word "intoxicating" means poisoned—any scholar will tell you that. Formalin-treated

milk is intoxicating milk—nothing more, nothing less. Alcohol-treated water, i. e., distilled or fermented liquor, is poisoned water—look at your dictionaries. Where is the common sense in being so outraged over formalin intoxication? and so careless about alcohol intoxication. Both sicken, both kill.

We insist upon the point: What is the difference in principle, in morals, between poisoning a town with formalin-poisoned milk to make money, and doing the same thing, either by keeping a saloon or voting for one, for the same purpose? There is none. We are angry at the one because it is unusual; some of us connive at the other because we are devilized and hardened by usage.

The voter who votes for the community-poisoning saloon because he thinks it "will help business," is the same man

who would at length vote to poison the babies with formalin, for the same reason, if he dared. In both cases an accursed greed for gain has eaten out religion and ordinary humanity. The selling of intoxicating — poisonous — drinks, whether milk or beer or whiskey is on the same moral plane. Those who do these things will be judged with the same judgment of condemnation from God and enlightened men at last.



Under Present Conditions.—page 89.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Hereditary Oversight.

While we boast of our glorious civilization, and its grand achievements in the discovering of the manifold secrets of the Gods, the genius of the mortal mind, searching for hidden treasures, finds only in the expanse of its fields a boundary line for his skill and a place for his work shop. And yet the grandest and most noble work that could and should have been done has been woefully and fearfully neglected. The art and study of beautifying and perfecting the symmetery of the pig, has far exceeded that of studying how to develop and perfect the physical, moral and mental capacity of the child.

It is true, though, that we boast of having the best educational school sys-

tem that the world has ever seen; and though this is gospel truth, and while we are perfectly willing to admit it's truth, we must insist that another fact is staring us in the face, and it is this: The gloomy records of the grave show that nearly one half of those born into the world perish before reaching the age of five; and one third before reaching the age of three years. How very few live to a ripe old age, and how mighty that throng, from the ranks of infancy, childhood and middle age, who follow each other in rapid succession into the realms of death.

From these periods of life death reaps his richest harvest among those who bright and joyous with the elasticity of youth and vigor of manhood, whose brilliant aspirations seem about being realized, death scatters with his shafts

and the cold waters of that river, which lies between us and the grave, freezes with its icy current the warm pulsation of the young heart and bears onward on its dark bosom all there is of life to the vast ocean of eternity. At least thirty-five per cent of this mighty army, whose lives are ruthlessly destroyed, can be charged up to the drink habit, engendered by the licensed saloon, and the low groveling passions of selfish brutal man. Need we wonder at this awful and terrible fruit of human passion, when its fearful lessons are instilled into the young mind at every street corner as well as is so often the case, in the sanctuary of the home. The influence exerted on the child beneath the parental roof is enduring as life. The seed planted there will in after years yield a ripe harvest of good or evil. If every influence were

thrown around it, looking to its future welfare, what untold misery and suffering might have been avoided! Thousands would be prevented from entering on a career of drunkenness, vice and crime, and hundreds, instead of finding the dreams of their youth blighted, their purest affections trampled on, would be saved from a career so dark and fearful. On the harmonious training of the child in its paternal home, depends, in a measure, the career of the man and the greatness and prosperity of the Nation.

It is a hard thing, oh, parent, to believe, and bitter to realize, that you are training that son for disease and death, for a drunkard's grave, for the penitentiary or the gibbet; it is a hard thing to believe and terrible to contemplate, that you are training that daughter, so

bright and gay, so beautiful and joyous, for disease and an early grave, for a cold and heartless life with no aim but self, no God but fashion, for the halls of prostitution, and the lowest brothels of the depraved—the road being made easy through the influence of the license saloon. Go into our prisons and among the haunts of vice and read there the secret page in the history of crime. Go beyond the deed to the imperceptible steps which led to the crime; get at the moral, physical and intellectual training in youth and you will there hear notes of discord and jarring strings. We build prisons, high stone walls, with gloomy cells, in which to confine those who have been convicted of outraging law; we build scaffolds and twist the rope which is to send the victims into eternity. We found hospitals; philan-

thropists hurl the anathemas of God against vice, while it lifts its unabas hed head and laughs at these puny efforts, these baby blows, on its citadel. The victims of crime have but practiced lessons taught them by society, and in their own homes, and those less cunning or more venturous than others have been punished. They are punished for yielding to temptation which society itself spreads out before them.

After scattering traps (licensed saloons) all over the community those who dare fall into them are detected and punished for their folly. Year after year the abandoned women who throng our streets descend to the grave by thousands, and their ranks are filled with new victims, not from the city alone, but from the country town and

rural district. Year after year the young and beautiful go down to early graves; genius flashes out for a brief moment when death seizes its victim; children fall by thousands; in the homes where should reign peace, happiness and contentment, too often is found discord and contention. The prisons groan with victims. The scaffold trembles beneath its fearful weight and society sleeps on, wondering at the amount of crime, and trying to lopp off some of the branches of that mighty tree whose dark shadows are cast over the earth. While I would not advance a thought that would tend to the lessening the improvement of the pig in the pen, I hope to arouse in the minds of those who are working for the betterment of the human mind, to put forth a more determined effort, in a way that has not been

heretofore tried, to give the child a better show in the house. The great trouble, however, has been in the past that whenever an idea has been put forth wherein great good might have come had the substance of the idea been formulated into a system, as the originater had conceived and mapped out in his own mind, it has been misunderstood and scoffed at. To illustrate, take for instance the axiomatic declaration, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." For nearly two thousand years this saying has reverberated in every spot and place on the civilized globe. And yet, I venture this assertion, that there has not been more than one in a century that has put into practice the real genuineness of its meaning.

The reasons are obvious: selfishness,

greed and erroneous application of its deductions. And here follows another assertion, the truth of which will appear in the next chapter: No man can live under any form of government on earth and maintain his dignity, or manhood, surrounded with such enviroments as these that go to make up any and all systems of known government in the civilized world and "do unto others as ye would they do unto you." But while I maintain this position, so far as present conditions are concerned, it does not follow that a government cannot be instituted under which every member of said government could be protected in every God-given right, and that each and every one would cheerfully give unto said government his most devoted adherence. And when this day arrives (and it cannot come too soon)

there will not be sixteen to escape for the one that is convicted.

## SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF MENTAL DEFECTIVES DUE TO ALCOHOLISM.

The number of imbeciles and idiots in the country is great, and increasing at a rate faster than the general population. Mr. Alexander Johnson, superintendent of the Home for the Feeble-minded at Fort Wayne, Ind., who has made a life-long study of such matters, said at Detroit, last week, at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, that 75 per cent. of these unfortunates owe their defects to heredity from parents addicted to alcoholism. He declared that the nervous diseases caused by alcoholism are so distressing and certain, that this should be a bar to

marriage as surely as insanity. The sins of parents are visited upon the children. It is a crime against posterity for a man to poison himself by drinking intoxicating liquor. He who would voluntarily torture or maim a little child would be considered a veritable fiend; but he does worse than this who, being a drunkard, brings imbecility or idiocy upon his own children.—*Herald and Presbyter, June 18, 1902.*

**As It Might Be.**

## CHAPTER VII.

### As it Might Be—Will it Be.

There is, there cannot be, but one correct solution to any problem. And when the inspired penman intimated that as the world grew older man would also grow "weaker," in a sense he was correct. But as the interpretation has been rendered all through the ages, it is absolutely and unqualifiedly false. The writer could not have meant that, through all time, man's days would grow shorter and shorter, as the interpretation has been given to us. We do not get the true meaning of the thought as it appeared in the writer's mind.

By the word "weaker" I apprehend that the writer meant to convey the idea that he (man) would grow milder, i. e.,

he would use his knowledge that he had received through his becoming more wise, by eliminating from his wild, savage and fiendish nature all the sordidness of his selfish greed, and make of himself what the supreme architect most desired: A human being fitted for the society of the pure and gentle, making of mother earth a place where the homes of the dwellers thereon would be the envy of angels, and a completion of the desire of the Gods, fulfilling the inspiration of the thought as implied by another who said, "on earth peace, and good will toward men."

But the idea has been tossed like "a battle dore" from pillow to post, by schism and creed until the minds of men become so bewildered that they lose sight of the first principle. And what little time they get to study, after caring

for the pig, they spend quarreling and fighting over the ridiculous proposition as to whether they are really going up or whether they are going down, and thus make clear the truth of another statement made, that "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And the dearest treasure on earth is the pig. That is, the almighty dollar.

What does Morgan, Rockefeller, et al., care as to whether Sam Jones dies a pauper or whether his life goes out by the "death damp" found in the shaft of the coal mine? While it is claimed that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I want to say here and now that neither have the rich any right to the property of the poor.

Away back in the dim distance, when that which might be called a home was perhaps nothing but a hole in the ground,

or one in a crevice of the cliffs of the rocks, and the dwellers therein only found covering for their nakedness in the leaves of the trees, or the skins of wild beasts, that roamed through the forests; and not one idea had as yet penetrated the domain of thought, or incited a feeling that would lead them onward and upward to that high and ennobling station, that would place all men in the broad field of one common weal, the only aspiration that seems to have received their undivided attention was to get more and more of those things that would add to the comfort of their physical well being, leaving entirely out of mind all thought of the development of the mental and the moral. So, the spirit of selfishness and greed become the goal of their highest ambition. And through all the ages not a word had

been uttered that man, the crowning work of the divine hand, was all, equally entitled to all the natural resources as they fell from the hands of the infinite. And though when the records were given, that gave the account of the consummation of his work, we read, "let them have dominion over all the earth."

But as the mental and the moral have not kept pace with the physical in the development of our civilization, it is hard, indeed, to weed out from us the barbarous ideas and customs that had been so tenaciously clung to by savage tribes and selfish and avaricious kings and rulers.

Whence came the decree that says, The Chief, King and Ruler shall have dominion and parcel out as to them what seemeth best, all the God-given wealth to be found in the land, mine and

forest, which in right belongs to each and all alike? Who gave to the mountain brigand the right to stealthily creep out from his hidden retreat, and descend down its side, and with the ferociousness of the lion pounce upon the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the valley, butcher, kill and take prisoner, declare title to their land, and the king to grant to special favorites large tracts of their land, and the prisoners become the slave of the robber? We, more civilized, call it "benevolent assimilation."

Is it possible to institute a government and successfully put in practice the doctrine "that all men are equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," except you can combine in-

dividual rights in a collectivity so as to protect each and every one in his full share of all the benefits that accrue from this unity (government) without full and complete co-operation in every phase and branch of production and distribution? If not, why the mission of Christ, whose life was given that his common brotherhood of men might be perfected? From what source came the authority that says, that every child that is born into the world is not an equal inheritor to everything that mother nature, through her beneficience, has seen fit to bestow upon her children? Whether the child born a hundred or thousand years ago had the right to entail any part or all of nature's vastness, so that the child born today, a hundred or a thusand years hence, has been robbed of his or her rights? And that their heritage

has been sold for a mess of pottage?

The reforms sought will not be brought about by any system that proposes to legislate morality into the people. To imagine for a single moment that a healty equilbirium of the mental, moral and physical of man, can be brought about by "be it enacted," is the sheer end of all "discourse of reason."

No, you had as well write, "be it enacted that every child born shall have, on coming into the world, a silver spoon in its mouth. It shall have beauty, and symmetry of form, and the constitution shall be so perfected that though it be exposed to and partake of all the vile decoctions of the earth, have them boiled down into one tremendous dose and poured down the innocent throat, and it shall not hurt them." Yet such as this has been and is now too much the man-

ner in which the battles of reformers have been waged against vice and crime. And more especially so, in correcting the evils that have their origin in the licensed saloons.

A united cooperative commonwealth is the only way by which the goal will ever be reached.

The crowning faculty of the mind (reason) must develop so that the controlling influence will be governed by higher and more ennobling motives, and not by the sordid selfishness of blind passion.

Let it ever be remembered, then, that the mind and body exercise an influence upon each other, and if we secure to the former its highest development, we must cultivate and perfect the latter. Always bearing in mind that a blow given to either the moral, physical or in-

tellectual undermines health and happiness, prepares the being for everything low and grovelling. It is only to the beautiful and harmonious blending and use of all we have to look for weapons to close up the grog shops, batter down the prison walls, make the gibbet a thing of the past, and in place of sorrow, darkness and gloom, light up the lamp of joy and happiness.

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